Man’s Best Friend

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by Nightcrawler247

Summary

In a world where animal hybrids are a thing, Hannibal decides to get one for the absent company and someone to just talk to who he doesn't have to worry about being able to talk back or spill his many dark secrets.

It's only been a little while since he got Will, his dog-hybrid, and Hannibal thinks he might actually be feeling love for the first time.

Note: It's dubious concent because Will can't talk

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal was getting... not lonely... lonely was not a word for a man like him but... he was desiring company.

The thing is, it wasn't romantic company, or that of his patients, or anyone he had to have mindless chatter with recently. Even Alana Bloom, one of the only people that could kind of keep up with him, was starting to bore him. With her he actually sought silences rather then talking. He found himself just craving another's physical presences. One of a living breathing being, not just to corpses he kept in his freezer.

Alana, for once, had given a decent suggestion. That Hannibal get a dog. A first the man disliked the idea. Not liking having such a significant commitment outside of all the things he already does with his time. Dogs required too much attention in care for his liking. Seeing his expression she made further clear what she meant.

Not just any old dog but ah hybrid. Expenses, typically pure breed animals. They looked rather like humans in most ways but form their bodies to their minds were still mostly animals. They didn't even really possess the capability to talk, though Hannibal was aware they could understand a great deal of human language. They were easier to train, took better care of themselves without help, and made for great companions.

Hannibal didn't have much experience with them himself, though in the circles he ran they were quiet common and he'd seen a few at peoples homes. Alana's included, she had a young puppy hybrid herself by the name of Abigail if Hannibal is remembering correctly. From the few times he's interacted with her pet she seemed a great source of company. Enough so that Hannibal was seriously considering getting his own when he spent time with her.

He'd even already started preparing his home for one. A nice set of plates here, a large dog bed there, a collar or two. Soon enough, his home was filled with so much pet stuff that guest would often asks him where it was when they came over. Before he knew it Hannibal had pretty much already convinced himself he was going to get one.

Now... he just had to find the perfect hybrid to call his own.

End Notes

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